THE LAND OF THE VIKINGS

BY H. V. MORTON

A Map of The Eastern Counties of England from Thames to Humber
to accompany "The Land of The Vikings"
THE ARMS OF LINCOLN
LINCOLN
STAMFORD
CROWLAND
Selby
Howden
Hull
Goole
Alkborough
Thorne
Crowle
Barnetby
Brigg
Scotton
Kirton
Doncaster
Penistone
LINC
Bawtry
Gainsborough
Sheffield
Scrooby
Retford
Pt of DERBY SH.
Chesterfield
Tuxford
Lincoln
Part of CHESHIRE
NOTTINGHAM SHIRE
Newark
Sleaford
Bingham
Grantham
Waltham on the Wold
Edenham
Blytham
Melton Mowbray
Stamford
RUTLAND SH.
Wansford
Leicester
Part of SALOP
Lutterworth
Market Harborough
Rugby
WARWICK SHIRE
CAMBRIDGE
NORTHAMPTON SHIRE
Part of WORCESTER SH.
AYLESBURY
Pt of HEREFORD SH.
Brackley
Pt of BUCKS
L.N.E.R.
Verney Jnc.
CHALFONT ST GILE
OXFORD SHIRE
Dunstable
Quainton Road
Aylesbury
Pt. of GLOUCESTER SH.
THE ARMS OF LONDON
Wendover
Princes Risboro
Chesham
Amersham
High Wycombe
P. of WILTS.
P. of BERKS.
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THE

THE LAND OF THE VIKINGS

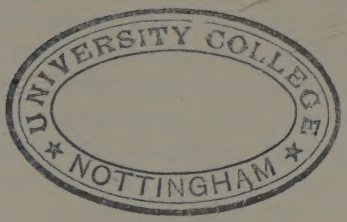
From Thames to Humber

BY

H. V. MORTON

Author of
"IN SEARCH OF ENGLAND,"
ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



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INTRODUCTION

THE area dealt with in this book is that part of England known to our Saxon ancestors as the Danelaw. It was here, between the Thames and Humber, that the Vikings, who harried our coasts in early Saxon times, were allowed by treaty with Alfred the Great to settle down and become respectable, or more or less respectable, inhabitants of this country. The Danelaw was for centuries a little country on its own, cut off by its geographical features from the rest of England, and here Saxon and Dane buried the traditional hatchet and, as there was no Press to remind them of anniversaries, forgot in time their ancient quarrel. The draining of the fenlands and marshes at various periods made the Danelaw part of the mainland, but the district has always been a peculiarly distinctive area different in its clear-cut characteristics from any other part of England.

The ancient Danelaw was that part of the country represented to-day by the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. It forms one of the most interesting, and one of the least exploited, districts in the country. For every hundred people who know the West Country there are possibly only ten who are acquainted with the East; but the time has come when popular interest in antiquities, in the natural beauties, customs and characteristics of the English countryside, is causing more people to break away from the beaten track and to discover for themselves regions in which it is still possible to experience the thrill of discovery.

The Danelaw is such a region. There are parts of Essex within a few hours' journey of London which are as remote from civilisation as the most lonely Cornish cove. There are huge tracts of low sea marshes in East Anglia unchanged since the Vikings beached their ships in the little creeks and estuaries which, in this part of the world, carry the salt water up on every tide through a mist of purple thrift and samphire.

I do not know another part of England in which the history and romance of this country leap more readily to the mind. Successive waves of, at first warlike, and then peaceful invasion from the Continent have left their marks on these counties. There are Flemish houses, Flemish churches, Flemish faces and Flemish words which remind us of that great invasion of the craftsmen from overseas when the East Coast was the great centre of the cloth trade in the Middle Ages. It is difficult sometimes in the fenlands and on some of the frequent Essex islands to believe that one is not in Holland. The little market town of Boston, with its slow canal and its typical Dutch church, seems to have been blown over across the North Sea.

The people who inhabit the Danelaw are different from the inhabitants of the rest of England. I doubt whether the farmer from Barnstaple could understand a broad Norfolk farmer; certainly he could have little in common with him. In Norfolk you see sturdy girls with yellow hair and the fresh pink complexions of the Dane. You will see men working in the fields who, straightening their backs and turning to observe you with the curiosity which people in this part of the country still show for a stranger, reveal the faces of tame old Vikings. They are of the same blood as those men who came wading through the sea mire over ten centuries ago grasping

their short battle-axes. Side by side with the Viking you observe the Saxon, and, now and then, a Celt, whom you might easily mistake for a Welshman. He is possibly the descendant of the original Iceni, the Celtic tribe which was in possession of East Anglia when the Emperor Claudius in A.D. 43 brought up his elephants in battle against the hill of Colchester.

This fascinating region repays study with a series of discoveries which cannot, perhaps, be equalled in any other group of shires. There is little doubt that the geographical peculiarities of the Danelaw which locked it away from the rest of England have preserved many of its characteristics to the present day.

In an ancient island, such as England, nearly everything has a meaning. The counties have grown naturally out of history, the boundaries in many instances represent the old boundaries of pre-historic tribes or later kingdoms, and in their territorial irregularities you may read the story of conflict, of victory or defeat. There is a logical explanation for the positions which our ancient cathedral or market towns occupy on the map of England. I would say to those who intend to embark on the fascinating enterprise of exploring the Danelaw—read your history, then you will be able to pick out at sight the various and many peculiarities which more than ten centuries of crowded events have printed clearly on the face of the Eastern counties of England.

London,
January, 1928.

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HOW FIVE COUNTIES GOT THEIR NAMES

THE map of England is split up into units of local government known as shires or counties. "Shire" is derived from the old English word meaning "to shear," because its divisions were shorn, or cut off, from a larger division of land. The word "county" was introduced by the Normans from an old French word meaning a province governed by a count. When the great kingdoms of the Heptarchy were broken up and England became a united country under one king, it was found convenient, for purposes of taxation and in order to raise troops for the defence of the country, to group a number of village communities together under a "shire reeve," or sheriff, who was responsible for the raising of both men and money in his district. Of the seventeen shires formed by re-grouping the village communities of the old kingdoms, all, with the exception of Rutland, take their names from the capital towns or cities, such as Leicestershire, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Cheshire might be considered one other exception, but it is probable that this word is a corrupted form of Chestershire. The counties which do not end in "shire," and among them are three dealt with in this book,—Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk—have naturally a different origin. They are the survivals of former kingdoms, which have kept their names and identities for over fourteen hundred years.

Essex.—When Cæsar landed in Britain, a Celtic

tribe, called the Trinobantes (battle-stabbers) lived in what is now the county of Essex. After nearly four centuries of Roman rule, the Trinobantes, on the Roman evacuation of Britain, called in the East Saxons to help them against the Northern barbarians. The East Saxons, who had not been enervated by four centuries of peace and prosperity, liked the country, and turned out the natives, thus establishing a kingdom of Essex, which means East Saxon. In the Saxon Chronicle, Essex is written Easteseaxe. A later spelling is Eastsaxe. In Domesday Book it is written Excessa; therefore we have in the word Essex a distinctive national name, a county which has retained it, and also its boundaries, since the sixth century A.D.

Suffolk and Norfolk.—The area occupied by these two counties was, at the time of the Roman Invasion, the territory of the powerful British tribe, the Iceni, whose revolt under Boudicca—the Boadicea of the school books—is described by Tacitus. When the Romans left Britain the Angles pounced on the country of the Iceni, just as the Saxons annexed the neighbouring country of the Trinobantes and made Essex. The old Celtic kingdom then became known as East Anglia, the country of the East Angles, the solitary example to-day of the survival in common speech of one of the old Saxon kingdoms of England. A glance at a map of East Anglia shows that the kingdom is naturally divided into two portions by the River Ouse and the River Waveney. In time the East Angles who lived north of the rivers called themselves the "North" folk (hence Norfolk) and those to the south called themselves "South" folk (hence Suffolk).

Cambridgeshire.—This county, like most which end in "shire," was shorn off from the older Saxon kingdoms. Part of it was once in East Anglia, part

in Mercia. The derivation of the word Cambridgeshire has given philologists much trouble. The river Cam, from which it obviously is derived, was known in the earliest times as the Granta. "Cambridge" appears first in the Old English Chronicle as Grante-bryege—the bridge over the Grante. In Domesday Book is a reference to Grentebrige. In Norman times the name was changed to Cambrigge. Professor Skeat tells us that the Normans had some difficulty in pronouncing the letters "gr." The town then became Caumbrege, Cambryge and eventually Cambridge.

Lincolnshire.—This shire was shorn from the middle England kingdom of Mercia. It, of course, takes its name from the chief city, Lincoln, whose Celtic name Lindon is exactly the same as London (llyn—a lake, and don—a hill fort). The Romans called it Lindon or Lindon Colonia; the Saxons changed it to Lindecollinam or Lindocyllanceaster (ceaster or chester, which indicate the remains of a Roman stone fort). The Normans knew it as Lincollia or Lincolescire; hence Lincolnshire.

HOW TO ENJOY ESSEX

WHEN I remember Essex I think of a slow barge moving, it seems, through the fields, its sails taut in the wind which tears over the marshes from the sea. Larks are singing in the sky, rising from the tough grass of the flats. The tide is rising up the estuaries and the air is salted. A windmill turns its broad sails, and the clouds pile themselves up over the rim of the flat lands.

I remember, too, how good the oysters taste, fresh from the dredges just as they are drawn up, covered with mud and surrounded by a flight of screaming gulls. They lie in the same beds which the Romans knew. It was from these little Essex creeks that the Romans took them and despatched them in snow to Rome, where their presence on the table of a Lucullus seemed to justify the colonisation of so remote a land as Britain. And it was up these same creeks that the Danish longboats in their time came to furl their gaily-coloured sails for a while, until the men in the horned helmets returned to them with arms full of plunder.

I remember many an island off the coast, a miniature Holland, low, marshy and protected from the sea by a grassy embankment. No county in England has so many islands close to its shores. In Hamford Water are the islands of Horsea and Holmes. All this district remembers the Vikings in its place-names. To enjoy Essex you must explore these islands. You must talk with East Saxon and Dane, both of whom, uncontaminated by the Cockney dialect of " London-

Over-the-Border," employ the strange and impossible-to-reproduce accents of Essex. Herons rise lazily from the windy levels, great flocks of wild birds lift themselves above the rushes, and you could hardly be in a greater solitude of sky and sea, and land which is half land and half water.

It is a most peculiar region, cold, inhospitable and desolate in winter when the grass lies backward from the sea; strangely appealing on a quiet summer afternoon when the sunshine is gold over the mud flats; dreamy and full of a silvery beauty in the early morning or in the evening with the sun setting. I cannot understand how so many writers claim to have found "The Saltings," as these mud flats are called, dull and unromantic. For me they have a charm and an appeal which I find it difficult to analyse. I could explore them for weeks without wearying, content just to watch the play of light and shade over them and to imagine, as any man must, how in that far-off, important time the Vikings beached their galleys among the sea lavender of these little natural harbours which Nature seemed to have designed in the interests of invasion.

You may have heard that the scenery of Essex is monotonous. Climb the Essex Heights at any of these three districts: Tiptree Heath near Witham, Danbury Hill near Chelmsford, or Laindon Hill near Billericay. The view that lies below you is not grand, it is not what is termed romantic, but it is typically English. It is a view which a man is always proud to show to foreigners, saying, "Look; this is England!" From Danbury Hill a complete panorama sweeps to the sky. Woods, water, little church towers rising above the trees and the smoke of quiet villages drifting in the air; on the other side lies the sea.

Arthur Young considered that the view from

Laindon Hill was the finest in all England. I cannot agree with him, but, if not the finest, it is undoubtedly one of the most gentle and the most charming. You see the neat meadows, field on field, spread below you in patchwork, the darker belts of woodland, the little farms and in the far distance is a faint blue gleam of water, where cargo-boats go their ways and many a liner home from sea finds her stately way up the Thames to Tilbury.

II

Colchester should be the starting point for all intelligent tours of England. Although the white cliffs of the South Coast were first seen when the mists of history blow aside to show us Britain, it was the Roman conquest of Colchester in A.D. 43 which brought Britain at length under the sway of the Pax Romanum. Colchester is a Roman town. Its streets are the ghosts of a Roman camp. It is the only town in England which is still circled by a high Roman wall. It is the only town, with the exception of Lincoln, which preserves the Roman gateway through which passed for centuries the chariots of general and statesman, the spears of the legions and the varied traders of the early world. The relics of Rome lie so thickly beneath the soil of Colchester that I have many times picked up coins and scraps of Samian pottery from the hedge-banks near Lexden after a heavy rain. I remember laying bare a tesselated pavement only two feet below the level of a kitchen garden, and how well I recollect the thrill of seeing the sunlight fall again upon those red and blue cubes which had paved the room of a country house 1800 years ago.

England's history began at Colchester, and it is not difficult, as you walk along the Roman road from

Chelmsford, to imagine the ordered legions advancing from marsh and forest to the British stronghold on its hill above the Colne, much, I suppose, as the British army advanced in the last century against the wild hosts of the Mahdi. When the victory was an accomplished fact word was sent to the master of the world, the Emperor Claudius, who, poor, weak-minded old man, travelled in haste overland from Marseilles to Boulogne and, after holding Court at Colchester for a few days, returned in pomp to Rome and ordered himself the mighty triumph of a great conqueror as calmly as if he were ordering a dish of his favourite mushrooms. Such are the little vanities which sometimes underlie the world's greatest events.

The Roman city of Colchester, called Camulodunum, was the first municipality in England. "It stands far off through the dimness of bygone time," writes Mr. Maynard in "Memories of Old Essex," "with its strong stone walls, red-banded in the Roman tile; its massive gates and bastion towers; its busy streets lined with low-built, tile-roofed houses; its public square, where stood the local Senate House, the district courts, the Basilica or Hall of Meeting, the temples and the bank; the market, where bargained men from every corner of the Empire; the shops, where the dainty glass and brilliant, Gaulish pottery were set out before the tempted eyes of country visitors; the workshops of craftsmen in wood and bone, bronze and iron, copper and gold. Well-built houses of the wealthy, elegantly decorated and furnished, and warmed by hot air in winter, and the narrow hovels of the poor. There was the joy of life and the traffic of the world within its walls, and, day by day, there rose beyond the gates the thick smoke of the funeral pyre, as yet another citizen passed to his last resting-place. On the roads were the swift chariots of the landholders and the heavy wagons of

the farmers; and in the tidal river beneath the city walls were the broad-beamed corn barges taking in the cargoes for the mainland ports."

The Castle at Colchester, in which are housed the relics of the Roman city, is one of the most important Norman keeps, and the oldest, in the country. Its resemblance to the White Tower of the Tower of London is due to the fact that it was probably built by the same architect, Gundulf of Rochester. Notice, too, how much of that sturdy Roman city was left to the hands of the Norman builders six and a half centuries after the Romans had gone from Britain. In its walls are preserved the tiles of the public buildings of Camulodunum. You will also notice these Roman tiles in many of the Colchester churches.

The Colchester Oyster Feast, which, with the Cutlers' Feast in Sheffield, is the most important annual municipal dinner, is a function whose origin is lost in antiquity. It appears first in the town records of 1669. Since 1845 it has been the custom to invite distinguished politicians to the feast, in order that they may explain their thoughts and actions, or the dissimilarity between the two, which they do with varied success in long speeches. The feast is always held in October, and is preceded by a much more interesting ceremony. On the day Colchester oysters are officially eatable, the Mayor and Corporation of Colchester, robed and attended by the Mace, go with a few invited guests to the River Colne, where they embark on an oyster smack, which takes them out to the fisheries. When they arrive at the great nursery of the natives known as Pyefleet Creek, the fishermen sink a dredge in the form of a net and scraper. The Mayor then pulls in the first catch of the season, a proclamation is read and the King's health is toasted in gin and gingerbread. I have never been able to solve the mystery of this queer mixture—gin, ginger-

COLCHESTER

bread and oysters; and the memory of the oyster orgy which follows on Peewit Island, where men in great thigh-boots ply the guests with unlimited oysters, has invariably put the matter right out of my mind.

From this fascinating town it is only a step to Walton-on-the-Naze, where I have found more prehistoric flints, scrapers and knives than in any other spot in England. I do not say it is the richest hunting-ground. It may be that such objects spring more easily to the eye of an amateur at this part of the coast. There are also remarkable fossils in the London Clay which never fail to excite the men who roam the cliffs with geological hammers.

North of Colchester is, of course, Dedham and the centre of the Constable country. Here you will see the church which appears so frequently in the landscapes of that important English painter. You will walk the meadows which he loved, admire the trees and hills and note that silvery softness of atmosphere which he reproduced so faithfully. "Other painters," said Mr. Monkhouse, "have made us see Nature at a distance or from a window. He alone has planted our feet in her midst." Dedham village is a gentle paradise.

You will walk from Dedham to East Bergholt, where, so men say, the devil went off with the church steeple during a stormy night, so they hung the bells in a cage in the churchyard, where they remain to this day.

The charm of Essex was summed up by the author of "A Tour in a Phæton through the Eastern Counties." He wrote, "Ruined abbeys and ancient churches fraught with interest for the ecclesiologist and antiquary; romantic homes of the old days—many of them moated still—all abounding in past memories and historic associations; old-time coaching hostelries, wherein our forefathers made merry;

old-fashioned, oddly-built country towns; picturesque hamlets, pleasant pastoral scenes varied by wild wind-swept heaths and gorse-sprinkled commons."

PLACES TO SEE IN ESSEX

Boreham is a village three miles from Chelmsford, which possesses an interesting church, part of whose tower is constructed with Roman tiles. In the parish is New Hall, one of the great Essex Tudor mansions, built about 1500. Henry VIII. made it a royal residence. Near New Hall is Boreham House, built about 1728, and standing in a finely-timbered deer park.

Branwell-near-the-Sea is a large village at the entrance to the Black Water Estuary. The old church of St. Peter-in-the-Wall probably dates from Saxon times, and is built of Roman stone. It has suffered severely from time and circumstance, and is now used as a barn.

Braintree is a flourishing market town to which the Flemings introduced the woollen trade in Elizabethan times.

Brentwood is on the main Colchester and London road, and many people live here and travel up to London every day by express train. The "White Hart" at Brentwood is a Tudor building of 1480, with remains of a gallery courtyard. It was once an important coaching house.

Brightlingsea is a fishing and yachting centre, whose people are largely employed in the oyster fisheries. This is one of the ideal seaside holiday spots in Essex. The visitor has not only all the features of a bright and progressive coast resort, but he is also within a stone's throw of Mersea Island, and many other interesting features of the county.

Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is noted for its church, whose round tower (one of the six in Essex) is still standing. The small windows are formed of Roman tiles.

Burnham, on the River Crouch, is one of the best centres for yachting and wild-fowl shooting in the county.

Canfield (*Great*), three miles from Dunmow, is noted for an unusual earthwork termed Canfield Castle, a great mound surrounded by a watery moat. Archæologists now say that this is Norman work. The church, with its Norman chancel, arch and towers, is well worth a visit.

Castle Hedingham, on the River Colne, is famous for its Norman keep, said to be the best example in England. The Castle was founded about 1100. Maud, the Queen of Stephen, died here in November, 1151. The church contains some fine Norman work. The village possesses many interesting old houses with carved timber work.

Chelmsford is the county town of Essex, and was the Roman station of Cæsaromagus. It is a charming market town, and the chief buildings are the cathedral and church, the Shire hall, the corn exchange and the Edward VI. Grammar School. This was the first town in England to adopt electric street lighting (April 1890).

Chigwell is on the borders of Epping Forest. The "King's Head" Inn is a picturesque Stuart building, in which Dickens wrote part of "Barnaby Rudge." He describes the inn under the name of "The Maypole."

Clacton-on-Sea is a new and popular seaside place which owes its importance to its excellent bathing and to a sea wall a mile and a quarter long swept by the stimulating breezes of the North Sea. Clacton is recognised as one of the healthiest spots on the

East Coast, and it is, with Southend-on-Sea, the most popular seaside place in Essex. It owes its fame to its situation and the railway. It is only seventy miles from London, with which it is linked by a swift and luxurious train service. The people of Clacton have always catered for visitors. They are justly proud of the local bathing, tennis, golf, fishing and boating.

Colchester, described in the foregoing notes, is the most interesting town in Essex.

Dedham, as already described, is the delightful centre for the Constable country.

Dunmow (*Little*) is the ancient town in which the ceremony of the Dunmow Flitch originated. A Bank Holiday version of this custom is still observed.

Easton (*Little*), only two miles from Dunmow, contains one of the finest houses in Essex, Easton Lodge, the seat of the Dowager Countess of Warwick.

Epping is a fine market town with a mile-long main street, and is well known to Londoners because of its position on the fringe of Epping Forest. No one who has not spent at least one long summer's day in Epping Forest can call himself a Londoner or claim to know all the joys of London. The eleven miles of woodland and heath where fallow deer run wild is only a few minutes from Liverpool Street Station. It is the remains of a great tract of preserved land known from the fourteenth century onwards as Waltham Forest. The best way to explore Epping Forest is to take a train from Liverpool Street to either Chingford or Loughton. Other good stations, all of which take the visitor conveniently to beauty spots in the forest, are Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, Theydon Bois and, of course, Epping itself.

Frinton has become since the War one of the most charming watering-places on the East Coast. Its bathing is good, and people who live there say that the sun shines there when rain is falling elsewhere.

CLACTON-ON-SEA

Greenstead contains a tiny church which is unique in England. Its nave is like a log hut. Its walls are composed of split oak trees, the carved outer portion on the outside. It is said that in this village church rested the body of St. Edmund on its way from London to Bury St. Edmunds in 1013.

Hanstock, whose church, like nine-tenths of the Essex churches, is partly Norman, once bore the skin of a sacrilegious Dane on the north door.

Harwich has been noted since the earliest times for the excellence of its harbour. The Fleet put out from and sailed into Harwich during the days of the "wooden walls," and Nelson on more than one occasion stayed at the quaint "Three Cups" Hotel. During the Great War flotillas operating from Harwich patrolled the North Sea. Dovercourt, the pretty suburb of Harwich, is a delightful spot for a holiday. It is known to people who like good sea bathing and enjoy the nearness to a busy port, with its admirable facilities for visiting the Continent. Since the War holiday-makers at Harwich and Dovercourt have been in the habit of spending week-ends in Belgium (for which passports are unnecessary) at a cost of about £2 10*s*. for a return first-class ticket. Antwerp, Flushing and the Hook of Holland are all within easy, cheap and comfortable reach of Harwich.

(Another trip abroad which recommends itself to the more adventurous and restless East Coast visitors is that from Grimsby to Hamburg. The return fare is £5.)

Hempstead is a well-wooded parish celebrated as the birthplace of two vastly different men: William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Dick Turpin. The church contains the Harvey Chapel, and the registers record Dick Turpin's baptism on September 21, 1705.

Layer Marney is worth seeing for the Tudor Gate-

way of the great hall commonly known as Layer Marney Towers.

Maldon is of great antiquity, and is well worth a visit. It bears traces of occupation from Saxon times onwards.

Maplestead (*Little*) possesses the smallest of the English round churches. This church was built by the Crusaders on the pattern of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The circular portion or nave has a diameter of only twenty-six feet.

Marks Hall possessed at least one distinguished inhabitant. A tablet in the church commemorates Mrs. Mary Honeywood, who died in 1620 at the age of ninety-three, leaving sixteen children, 144 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren; a total of 397 descendants!

Mersea Island is the largest of the Essex coast islands. It is hilly and more picturesque than Canvey. It is connected with the mainland by a causeway marked out by white steps. This is called the Strood, and was first constructed by the Romans. Roman remains have been found on the island. On the north-east of the island is Pyefleet Channel, famous for its oysters.

Saffron Walden gets its name from an old industry, the growing of the saffron, or purple autumn crocus. Many Roman remains have been found here, also earthworks. Audley End House, the most famous house in Essex, is quite near. It is one of the best Jacobean houses in England, and Evelyn, the diarist, described it as "one of the stateliest palaces of the kingdom." James I., who visited Audley End before the building was finished, remarked that "it was too much for a king, but it might do very well for a Lord Treasurer," a bitter remark directed at the owner, the Earl of Suffolk. No student of old English houses should miss this magnificent building.

Southend is London's nearest seaside resort. It has the longest pier in England and an extensive promenade. It came to notice through a visit of Queen Caroline and Princess Charlotte in 1804, and has since that time developed more rapidly than any sea-coast town in England. Like Clacton, it owes a great part of its prosperity to its excellent train services. Thousands of men and women work in London and return to Southend every evening, which has given this town the nickname of "London-on-Sea." From May onwards its magnificent promenades, its golf courses, its open-air baths, its dance halls and its hotels are crowded with holiday-makers.

Thaxted is famous for its magnificent church, known as "the cathedral of Essex." This large church in a small town is an anomaly frequently met with on the Essex coast, where industries of the Middle Ages which created large towns have shifted their locality or entirely disappeared. Thaxted is full of quaint, timbered houses, and the Guild or Moot Hall stands in the market place. It has overhanging upper stories and is made of timber.

Tollesbury is a large fishing village near the Black Water Estuary, noted for its oysters. Its ancient church contains a font given by John Norman on August 13th, 1718, as a penance, as explained in the parish register, for coming drunk into church and cursing during Divine Service. This font contains what is surely the quaintest inscription of its kind :—

> "Good people all, I pray take care,
> That in your church you do not swear,
> As this man did."

Waltham Abbey grew up round the famous abbey of which only the nave and the lady chapel remain. Harold is said to have been buried here after his death at Hastings.

Walton-on-the-Naze is a very popular watering-place. Its extensive sands and the perfect bathing have made it justly famous among the Essex coast resorts. The Naze is a bold promontory round which are found neolithic flint implements in such numbers that archæologists suggest that a flint factory existed there in pre-historic times.

HOW TO ENJOY SUFFOLK

THE silence of death lies over the Peddars Way.* A man can walk for many a mile in solitude on this ghost of a mighty road. From Thetford it runs six miles to Hockham, then, straight as an arrow, it lies for thirty miles, sometimes hidden beneath the fields, through Castle Acre and Great Bircham, to the coast at Brancaster. Long before men knew the name of England they knew the Peddars Way. How old it is no man can say. When the Romans came it was an antiquity, trodden hard by countless generations, and the Romans were glad, because it was straight and to the point, and saved them trouble. In the Middle Ages the Peddars Way served a new England, and led to one of the saintliest spots in the land—to Our Lady of Walsingham. . . .

Now the Peddars Way is dead.

The little cottontail plays upon it; the weasel and the blackbird own it; for the feet of the men who made the Peddars Way went into silence many centuries ago along the road to Eternity.

I am writing this beside the old road. Where I sit I can see the ghost of it under the grass, broad and embanked, slipping into the distance over the fields. Here it is drenched in green gloom. The thick trees which hedge it arch themselves above it, and in the hush of this still afternoon I fancy that the leaves

* This account of the Peddars Way is reprinted by permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co., from my book, "In search of England."

have just stopped whispering together of the things that once went by along the Peddars Way.

I am conscious that this is a ghostly spot. Every time a leaf falls, every time there is a sudden rustle in the undergrowth, I look up, half-expecting to see a figure not of this age coming towards me along the dead road. Once I looked quickly behind me . . . there was nothing but an unnatural stillness. Even the birds seem hushed along the Peddars Way. They say that Black Shuck haunts this road, as he haunts the coast near Cromer. He is a jet-black hound, big as a calf. Between ourselves, he is the Hound of Thor. He still haunts Norfolk on nights as black as himself.

An empty house can be ghostly, but ghostlier far is an empty road which no men use. The beauty and the magic of a road are something this age does not know: our roads are too good and too many, and we never notice them except when they are bad or in the hands of the road-mender. But there was a time—and the Peddars Way belongs to it—when a road, like fire and a roof, was one of the primitive blessings of life; and, more than that, a sign that men could combine in a common task and follow the same track to a journey's end.

The Peddars Way was planned long before history began. It has seen men use the flint mace-head; it has seen the stone weapon give way to metal; it has nursed the dawning civilisation, century after century, leading such traffic and such commerce as there was away from the wilderness: first a savage trail, then a road.

The legions came, perhaps straightened out a corner here and there; and it led them from Camulodunum (which we call Colchester) to Branodunum on the Wash (which we call Brancaster).

So far the Peddars Way knew war and commerce; centuries were to pass, and it was to know religion.

In that remarkable collection of old houses called Walsingham, north of Fakenham, stands the scanty ruin of the mighty abbey which from the time of Henry III. to the Dissolution drew king, queen and commoner to the shrine of the Virgin. At first the shrine was a modest wooden chapel, but when Nazareth fell into the hands of the infidel, the monks of Walsingham, by one of those perhaps not accidental strokes of fancy, for the fortunes of Glastonbury were once firmly financed by another such inspiration, said that the Mother of God, driven out of Palestine, had taken up her abode in Norfolk. They said subsequently that their shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham was actually the Sancta Casa from Nazareth.

Then the Peddars Way became the pilgrim's way. It heard the tapping of the pilgrim staff. It saw men and women from every part of Europe making their way to Walsingham, it saw pilgrim cavalcades like that which Chaucer took so gloriously to Canterbury, it saw the poor man hobbling by the roadside, it saw the King in all his majesty riding a tall charger, surrounded by his Court. Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Bruce of Scotland, Henry VII., and, before the religious revolution, Henry VIII., all took the pilgrim's way to Walsingham. When they reached little Houghton-in-the-Dale they removed their shoes (there is still a house here named Shoe House) and continued the rest of the way barefoot.

Unless you have seen a pilgrimage it is difficult to imagine this scene: I have watched the pilgrims start for Mecca, and I have seen Syrian Christians on their knees in Bethlehem and in Jerusalem, tears rolling down their faces as they kissed the ends of sticks which the priests push through marble pillars to touch some sacred relic. . . .

In the famous shrine stood the statue of the Virgin,

and Erasmus, who visited it in 1511, said of it: "There is little or no light in it but what proceeds from wax tapers yielding a most pleasant and odoriferous smell, but if you look up you will say that it is the seat of the gods, so bright and shining as it is all over with jewels, gold and silver."

Strange relics were kept in the shrine, including a flask of the Virgin's milk and a joint of one of St. Peter's fingers.

There came a day when the last pilgrim abased himself before the shrine, and soon the Peddars Way saw men come riding, and in the midst of them Our Lady of Walsingham, plucked from her candlelight, going on her way to be burned at Smithfield. Then the Peddars Way knew that some strange thing had happened to England; and the grass began to grow.

The sunlight slants down through the leaves on the old broad track. In moonlight it must look wonderful. Some day I will come back and walk the Peddars Way by moonlight, and it will not surprise me then to be spoken to in the stillness, perhaps in a tongue no man knows—perhaps in Latin, perhaps in Norman French, perhaps in Tudor English.

For all these tongues have wagged along the Peddars Way, but what they have said only the road knows, and it is dead, or in a sleep like death, with the grass above it and only the songs of birds to remind it that the world goes on.

II

I advise you to explore the Peddars Way along that twelve miles of its route between Ixworth in Suffolk and Hockham Heath in Norfolk. If you meet Black Shuck, the Hound of Thor, I would like to know! There is an old man outside a public

FLINT-KNAPPERS AT BRANDON

house near Thetford who will tell you, for the price of a pint of ale, how he saw the beast coming down the Peddars Way one windy night with eyes like a couple of headlights; but this old man's judgment is not above question.

When you get to Thetford go on to Brandon (the village is in Suffolk and the railway station in Norfolk) and hunt out the flint-knappers who carry on here the oldest trade in the world. There is a flint workshop in an outhouse of the "White Hart" Inn. You will find a young man sitting on a low stool with a leather guard strapped to his left knee. He holds a great nodule of flint from the prehistoric quarry of "Grimes Graves" near by, and hits it adroitly with a short-necked hammer. The sound is unique: a queer, glassy tinkle. And it seems to me that the sound is important. He gives the flint a soft tap, listens to the sound before he hits the flint firmly so that the difficult material breaks crisply, exactly as he wishes it to do. As he taps, the flakes fall into a tub. These flakes are sold in bags of fifty to the Arabs of the Sahara, to the wild men of Afghanistan—in fact to all who still use the old flint-lock guns.

The chief flint-worker is Mr. Fred Snare, who claims that his business is the most ancient firm on earth. It was, he says, established in the tenth century. I believe that he is making an attempt to keep the industry alive by teaching young men how to chip flint, but they do not take kindly to the work. The flint men of Brandon have, therefore, dwindled to about half a dozen; but they form one of the most remarkable bands of workers in the whole of England. They have frequently been mistaken for Welshmen. Whenever you see dark-eyed, dark-haired people in this part of the country you can be certain that you have found descendants of the Celtic

Iceni, who fought the Romans on this very ground 1800 years ago.

You will wish to see the flint quarries when you have made friends with the flint-knappers. They are near Brandon on Lingheath, and the flint taken from them is the best in England. You will see pits in the white chalk, and beside these pits are stacked mounds of flint nodules ready to be carried to the workshops. It is interesting to note that the Brandon men, when working these quarries, use a single-pronged pick which is exactly like the picks made of deer's antlers used by Stone Age men for the same purpose.

III

The beauty of Suffolk is largely the beauty of its river valleys. Constable has made famous the fertile valley of the Stour, which flows through his native village of East Bergholt. It is the queen of Suffolk waters. The delicious gentle windings of this stream, as it takes its way through green meadows, uplands where the corn grows, woody lanes which ring with bird song from dawn till dusk, dark woodland where the poplars which Constable loved to paint rise against the sky, form a picture of pastoral England never to be forgotten. The Orwell, Deben and Waveney valleys group themselves at every turn into a landscape which seems to await its artist. This part of England is a paradise for the ambitious water-colourist. It is perhaps only natural that Suffolk should have produced two of our greatest painters—Constable and Gainsborough.

When you have enjoyed the silvery beauty of the Stour go north to the Waveney at Bungay or Beccles. Here the land has changed. A windmill turns slowly, cattle graze in wide meadows, clumps of alders rise from the reedy marshes and you can smell the sea.

It is more friendly than the wild salt marshes of Essex. There are farm-houses reed-thatched or red-tiled, and little twisting village streets, lost, it seems, in some dream of Tudor England.

I love the villages of Suffolk, the green lanes that wind round to them, the invariably twisted street, the queer old inns, the stately houses lost to view in park-land, the small churches with their touch of Saxon or, more frequently, Norman handiwork. Suffolk must contain more interesting small churches than any other county.

There is a remarkable ruin near Bungay called the "Old Minster," probably Saxon, but on a Norman site, which proves that many of the earliest Christian churches were built in the style of the pagan temples. There is Saxon work at Barton Mills, Gosbeck and Debenham.

And how the Normans impressed their work upon the Danelaw! They possessed it as the Vikings never did. Every other little village church can point to a nave, a chancel arch, a door or a font which takes the mind back to that new era in our history which began when the Norman knights spurred to the Battle of Hastings in 1066. I calculate that no fewer than 364 Suffolk churches are mentioned in Domesday Book! The best Norman work is at Fritton, near Lowestoft; Eyke, near Woodbridge, and Polstead, near Hadleigh. There are good Norman doorways at Woodwell, Westhall and Poslingford.

You admire in Suffolk that amazing flint work, known as "flush work," which reaches its perfection higher north in Norwich. In a stoneless country, men have built walls strong as steel by squaring flints and embedding them in mosaic fashion, an art which lends East Anglia an air of great distinction. Some of these flint walls are smooth as glass. You will discover several thatched churches in Suffolk and

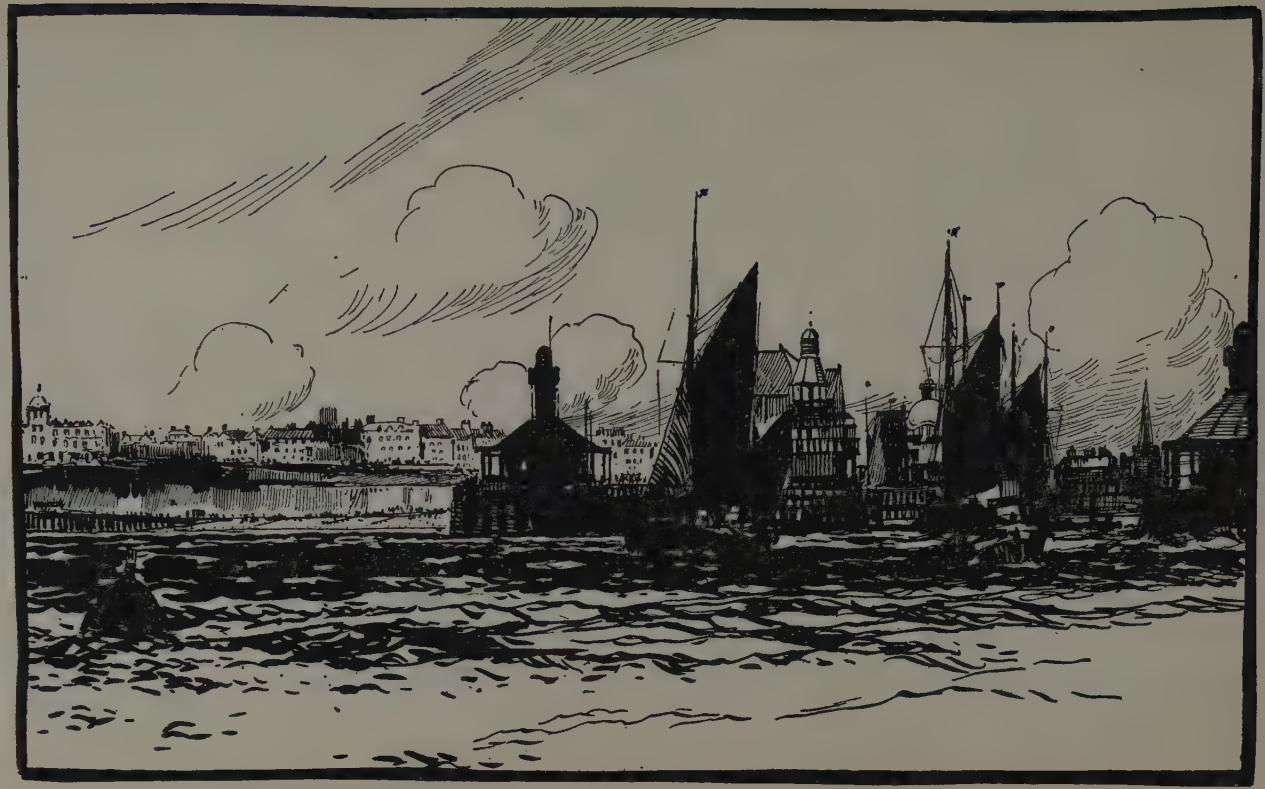
many a round tower. The best is at Little Saxham, near Bury St. Edmunds.

The exportation of ancient houses to America—a sinful trade which, let us hope, has ended—might some few years ago almost have been termed a county industry. Many a Suffolk mansion, taken down brick by brick and beam by beam, all carefully numbered, stands now on the other side of the Atlantic. And still Suffolk teems with ancient houses, great and small. Ickworth, near Saxham, the seat of the Marquess of Bristol, is the finest. Hengrave Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, is a magnificent Tudor House; so is Rushbrook Hall, not far away, moated and built on an E-shaped ground plan. The room in which Queen Elizabeth held her Court contains the same furniture it then contained.

There are two splendid Elizabethan mansions at Long Melford—Melford Hall and Kentwell Hall; Gifford's Hall, in the parish of Stoke-by-Nayland, was built in the reign of Henry VIII., but certain portions of it are earlier. If you want to see a house, one of the few in England, whose drawbridge is drawn up every night, you must visit Helmingham Hall, near Ipswich, the seat, for generations, of the Tollemaches.

Although not famous for castles, Suffolk boasts one of the largest and finest in England, at Framlingham. It has a moat, thirteen towers, and dates mainly from the reign of Edward I. It was in Framlingham Castle that Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary sought refuge and gathered her supporters while her enemies were attempting to put that ill-starred woman, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne.

The casual visitor never tires of watching the Lowestoft fishing fleet come in from sea. This is undoubtedly the most picturesque of Suffolk industries. A sunny day on Lowestoft Pier is an experience never to be forgotten. The tough-looking trawlers, which



LOWESTOFT

did such magnificent work in the minefields during the War, come in all the year round with their catches, and the fish markets almost any day are a remarkable sight. If you are in Suffolk in the autumn you must not miss, whatever else you fail to see, the Scottish fish girls cleaning the herrings at Lowestoft. Several hundred Scottish craft reinforce the local drifter fleet during the herring season. They bring south with them numbers of bonny "lassies," who pack and clean herrings with amazing skill and speed.

PLACES TO SEE IN SUFFOLK

Aldeburgh, one of the most popular small coast resorts, noted for the excellence of the bathing and the golf. The birthplace of the poet Crabbe. It is near Orford Castle, Framlingham Castle and Yoxford—"the Garden of Suffolk." The Moot Hall is Aldeburgh's treasure. It stands on the beach, and is a delightful half-timbered building.

Beccles. A charming old town on the River Waveney. You can walk over the bridge into Norfolk. It is the starting place for a number of splendid walks, especially in the direction of Bungay. Outside the town is a Tudor house called Rose Hall, which contains a wide staircase, each step of which is a solid block of oak.

Bergholt (*East*). Constable's birthplace, and the centre for excursions into his country. The bells of the church are hung in a wooden cage in the churchyard.

Blythburgh. One of the many East Coast ports, now decayed owing to the silting up of the river. Its church is one of the finest in Suffolk.

Brandon. The centre of the flint-knapping industry.

Bungay. One of the famous Suffolk beauty spots.

Bury St. Edmunds. The capital of West Suffolk and

a joy to the archæologiſt. It owes its name to Edmund of Eaſt Anglia, killed by the Danes, whoſe body was buried in the monaſtery, which afterwards became one of the wealthieſt abbeys in England. Many English kings came on pilgrimage to this ſhrine. All that remains of this abbey is the famous Norman tower.

Dunwich. A ſmall fiſhing village, but formerly a large port. It is famous as a town which, owing to coaſt erosion, has been completely deſtroyed by the ſea.

Felixſtowe. A deservedly famous coaſt town and bathing-place, and one of the moſt delightful on the Eaſt Coaſt. The name is derived from that of Felix of Burgundy, who once had a "ſtowe," or dwelling, there before his appointment to the See of Eaſt Anglia. Tennis, golf, bathing, boating and fiſhing do not exhauſt the attractions of Felixſtowe. The town is planned in a charming manner, with many admirable promenades and cliff gardens. The Felix Hotel is the moſt noted hotel on the Eaſt Coaſt. It faces the ſea and is famous for its charm and comfort.

Gorleſton, near Yarmouth, is another of Suffolk's moſt popular watering places. The ſands and bathing are excellent, the holiday attractions appeal enormously to family parties who desire a quiet holiday, but at the same time not too far from a large town.

Ipswich, the county town of Suffolk. Although there are many timbered houſes, and one especially fine ſixteenth-century houſe in the Butter Market, Ipswich is modern. There are only the moſt ſcanty remains of its Norman and mediæval buildings. Cardinal Wolsey is the moſt famous native of Ipswich.

Lavenham. A ſmall town which was once an important centre of the cloth trade. Iſaac Taylor, whoſe ſiſter Jane wrote the nurſery rhyme which is known to every English child, "Twinkle, twinkle, little ſtar," was born in Barn Street, Lavenham, in 1787.

FELIXSTOWE

Lowestoft. One of the most popular watering places in England; a great fishing port. The attractions of the Lowestoft quayside have been mentioned in the foregoing pages, but it remains to be said that, viewed as a holiday resort, this town is without a rival in Suffolk. It combines the ancient and picturesque with the modern: its promenades, gardens, piers, concerts and sands recommend it to tens of thousands. Its bathing, golf, fishing and tennis are perfect. It is also near one of the finest Broads—Oulton Broad—which annually attracts every yachtsman who is spending a holiday in this part of England.

Newmarket. Part of this town is in Suffolk and part in Cambridgeshire. It is a knowing-looking town, like all those which have dealings with horses. It is well worth a visit, and will interest not only those who follow racing, but everyone interested in English country life. The name New Market is seven hundred years old. It dates from 1227, when the Plague scared buyers and sellers from their old market two miles off and brought them to the healthy, wind-swept New Market Heath. The first definite racing began in the reign of Charles I., but horse fairs have been held on the Heath possibly from Roman times onward. Charles I. entered Newmarket in 1647 as prisoner of the army. His son, Charles II., entered horses at Newmarket in his own name. Newmarket is considered the best trial ground in the world.

Polstead. The church register contains the names of many emigrants who crossed to America in the *Mayflower*. This scattered village is better known as the scene of the notorious murder of Maria Marten in the Red Barn.

Shelland. The church is one of the few dedicated to Charles I.

Stowmarket. The old vicarage, parts of which are

Elizabethan, is interesting because the garden contains a large mulberry tree which is said to have been planted by Milton.

Sudbury, the birthplace of the painter Gainsborough, contains many magnificent old houses and three remarkably fine churches. It is visited by lovers of the picturesque not only for its beauties, but also for its associations. It is mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle and has a long and varied history. Gainsborough's birthplace is preserved. Some critics have considered Sudbury to be the "Eatanswill" of the "Pickwick Papers."

Thorpeness (near Aldeburgh) has within recent years gained popularity as a quiet seaside retreat. There is good bathing from firm sands, magnificent golf and sailing on the near-by Thorpeness Meare.

Wenhaston. The church contains a remarkable painting on oak of the Last Judgment, discovered in 1892. It is believed to date from about 1480.

Yaxley. The church contains one of the two Sexton's Wheels in England. The other is in Long Stratton Church in Norfolk.

HOW TO ENJOY NORFOLK

I

IT seems hardly possible that such contrasts as Norfolk and Devonshire can exist in one small island. Norfolk is the antithesis of Devonshire: it is the soul of East Anglia, as Devonshire is the soul of the West Country.

A first visit to Norfolk is, I venture to say, a surprise. This county unfolds itself bit by bit as one of the least spoiled districts in England. Its people, its architecture, its customs, its scenery are distinct and individual. It is still geographically an island. It is separated from Suffolk by the Rivers Waveney and Little Ouse and from Cambridgeshire by the Ouse and the Nene. Its eastward boundary is the North Sea, which beats itself along the ninety miles of the Norfolk coastline. This peculiarity is, no doubt, in some measure responsible for the individuality of Norfolk. You feel when in Norfolk that you are in a country, not a county.

The North Folk are farmers. They till some of the fattest land in England. They have made it so by improving it, because in its natural state it is not productive. The people are remarkable for their shrewdness, their carefulness, their blunt honesty and their suspicion. They have been subject for centuries to warlike and peaceful invasions. Romans, Angles, Danes, Normans, Flemings and Huguenots have in successive waves arrived in Norfolk and settled down there. Suspicion of strangers is perhaps a race

memory. Once you prove to be an honest and friendly stranger there are no people throughout the length and breadth of England more generous, more hospitable, more loyal.

I knew Norfolk first in the height of summer. I was prepared to encounter a dull, featureless district. Strange as it may seem, I was influenced by the eighteenth-century libels on East Anglia. Horace Walpole wrote about the "wilds of Norfolk," the Earl of Leicester described his Holkham estate in that famous phrase as a place so desolate that "two rabbits might often be seen fighting together for one blade of grass"—an estate, by the way, which is to-day one of the most prosperous agricultural estates in England and an inspiration to the farming industry. A strange revenge of time!

I entered a land of broad, gold cornfields, silvery acres of oats and barley. The church towers were round and made of smooth chipped flint, so that they looked like a mosaic of blue-grey glass. The people I met were remarkable for their physique and their speech, a strange, slow burr. When I asked them a question they paused a while before replying, unlike the West-countryman, who answers immediately, or the Cornishman, who is ready with an answer before you have stopped speaking. The Norfolk people take their time. They are slow but sure—until they make up their minds about you.

Outside cottage doors in small villages I saw pink-faced, yellow-haired Danish girls, white of arm and broad of shoulder—"mauthers" they call them in Norfolk. The dialect is full of words you will hear nowhere else. Many of them are derived from the Norse and the Dutch. The Norse words came with the Vikings centuries ago; the Dutch words with the Flemish settlers in the Middle Ages. The county is a paradise for the philologist. I have met men who say

that dozens of slang terms in use in Norfolk to-day can be traced back to the days of the Roman occupation.

I travelled through some of the most charming villages I have ever seen, small towns with enormous cathedral-like churches in the middle of them. Wymondham is a good example. These small towns with large churches tell a story of dead or migrated industry. The population of the present villages would scarcely fill the choirs of such vast churches, which were built in the Middle Ages when these villages hummed with industry.

There is no monotony about Norfolk. Its scenery is the most pleasantly varied that can be imagined. There are no extremes. Near Brandon is a district called Breckland. Every visitor to Norfolk should visit it. When the heather is ripening towards purple and the bracken is growing brown Breckland is drenched in a heavenly peace, as primitive as the solitudes of Dartmoor, but, to me, much more friendly and appealing. There are lovely little meres locked away in Breckland, where grebes and coots swim on still waters, squirrels play round the tree trunks and rabbits sit up in the fern, wondering who dares to invade their solitude.

Then there are heights round Sandringham from which you can see the tower of Boston "Stump," rising up from the flat fields twenty miles off over the Wash in Lincolnshire. On the coast of Norfolk are cliffs 300 feet in height.

Round the King's Norfolk home at Sandringham you might be forgiven for the fancy that you are in Scotland. Here are wide moors and heaths. Ten miles from Sandringham is the perfect little town of King's Lynn. No one with a sense of history or beauty should miss Lynn. It stands on the Ouse, about three miles from its confluence with the Wash. It was once one of the chief wine-importing towns in

the kingdom. Its trade has diminished, but it is still a busy place, and among its industries to-day is the strange one of making merry-go-rounds for fairs! But its chief glories are the old Tudor houses, the Guildhall, the church of St. Margaret, the docks and —the sunsets!

Near another royal house—Princess Mary's home at Goldsborough in Yorkshire—you hear a lot about Eugene Aram. They show you at Knaresborough the cave in which he hid the remains of his victim. Here, near Sandringham, you meet this wretched man again in the local museum. The murderer was a school usher at King's Lynn at the time of his arrest.

Then in Norfolk you have the city of Norwich, with its cathedral—one of the glories of England.

II

Everyone who knows Norwich raves about its Norman cathedral and the "quaintness" of its mediæval streets.

More people know Norwich every year, because the tourist agencies have been forced to include this city in their itineraries. Everyone who has spent a holiday on the Norfolk Broads has spread its fame abroad. The present moment is, however, the right time to discover Norwich. It is still quite unconscious of itself. Only the most critical and intelligent tourists seek it out, and they, in these days of reckless enthusiasms and charabancs, like to keep the knowledge to themselves. Hunters of the antique know it well, so do the dealers who can always sell a £20 mediæval doorway to America for £500.

Norwich is incredibly rich in mediæval remains. It is surprising that they are not prized locally. Norwich has not yet awakened to itself, which adds considerably to its charm, but holds a certain obvious danger.

NORWICH

There are literally whole streets of houses in Norwich covered with ugly Georgian plaster which if stripped would emerge as black-and-white Tudor streets with pretty oversailing storeys and broad eaves. There is no plan about Norwich. It is the only great city in England with no main street and no main square. It is a delightful tangle of overgrown mediæval byways.

A huge Norman keep on a partly artificial mound dominates the city; the slim spire of the cathedral, second only in height and grace to that superlative spire at Salisbury, rises above the picturesque red roofs, and from the summit of that spire you look down over a pastoral England, snug, green fields, comfortable farms, great houses tucked away in belts of woodland, and little white roads winding here and there between hedges. It is a magnificently English sight, as sweet and homely as that more famous view from the top of York Minster across the fertile Vale of York.

If you admire the strength and simplicity of Norman work, the cathedral will astonish and delight you. You will never forget it. It is one of the great Norman cathedrals of England. It is remarkable that so many people know Lincoln, Peterborough and Ely, but have no acquaintance with Norwich. Nave, aisles, transepts are massively Norman. The clerestory, set back slightly within a wall passage, has Norman lights. In the central part of the roof is an opening through which the monks used to let down a swinging censer. In the shadow of the cathedral lies the body of Edith Cavell, brought from Belgium after the War to rest in her native city.

In addition to the cathedral there are thirty-five other churches in Norwich. They were built by pious merchants between 1350 and 1500, when the prosperity of Norwich rested on the woollen manufactures. So great was this prosperity that Norwich was the third city in the kingdom. Norfolk in the

Middle Ages was the Lancashire of England, and Norwich was its Manchester. When the chief industries migrated to the coalfields, Norwich did not decline. That is not the Norfolk character! She found other work. She is now busy with boots, shoes, mustard, starch, ornamental hardware, beer and chocolates. An unofficial industry is the breeding of canaries. You will see these birds in hundreds of little houses. They pay the rent!

Grant Allen, in "Country and Town in England," wrote:

"Norwich is now the only great southern town, save Reading, which owes its importance to manufactures alone. . . . Alone among the trading staples of the Plantagenets, it has resisted the great contemporary movement which has carried almost all our industrial population northward towards the coal and iron districts, and has directed all our exports westward towards America and the Colonies, or towards the Atlantic highway for India, China and the East. Old England looks north-westward to the open sea. Norwich remains fresh and vigorous in our midst as a solitary living monument of the earlier order . . ."

It is interesting, too, how at night, when modern Norwich has made its daily quantity of mustard and starch, its daily number of boots and shoes, the spirit of that earlier Plantagenet Norwich, that thriving, opulent city of hand-looms, lives on in the dark alleyways and on the banks of the still Wensum. This is the time to go out and stand on Bishop's Bridge—one of the oldest bridges still in use in the country—or, if you have made friends in cathedral or castle, and the moon is full, this is the time to seek permission to climb the spire or to stand on the castle walls and look down through six crowded centuries upon the "City of Churches." Norwich goes back to the Middle Ages every time the moon is full. I have seen

the ghosts of galleys on the deserted quays; I have seen the ghosts of burly Flemish merchants in the silent streets; I have heard, in imagination, the chatter of the hand-looms from many an A-shaped eave. . . .

Arrange to see Norwich on a Saturday. The largest cattle market in East Anglia lies in the Norman shadow of Norwich Castle. Here you will learn more about the North Folk of East Anglia in one hour than books can tell you in a twelvemonth. Sheep, cows, bulls come in by every road in a cloud of dust, with the herdsmen and their dogs behind them. The farmers arrive in traps or by train, with wives and families.

You will see the famous Norfolk hackney. The origin of the breed is unknown, but it is believed that the type is the result of a cross between the horses used by the Romans and the horses brought over by the Vikings.

The market becomes full to the brim with a varied crowd. The cheap-jacks gather in numbers, the quack doctors, the philanthropists with the gold watches. It is a glorious sight! It *is* Norfolk! What amazing types you see there!—the red-faced, shrewd, argumentative, blunt-spoken farmers, in their breeches and fawn gaiters, accompanied by their neat wives and their buxom daughters.

When you have looked long on one of the most interesting rural meetings in England, go into the busy, narrow streets, examine the flint wall of the Guildhall, see the most charming small mediæval house in East Anglia—Strangers' Hall—enter the magnificent church of St. Peter Mancroft, which contains the tomb of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Religio Medici," and take a rest in that green solitude beneath the Ethelbert Gate.

You will be glad you have seen Norwich.

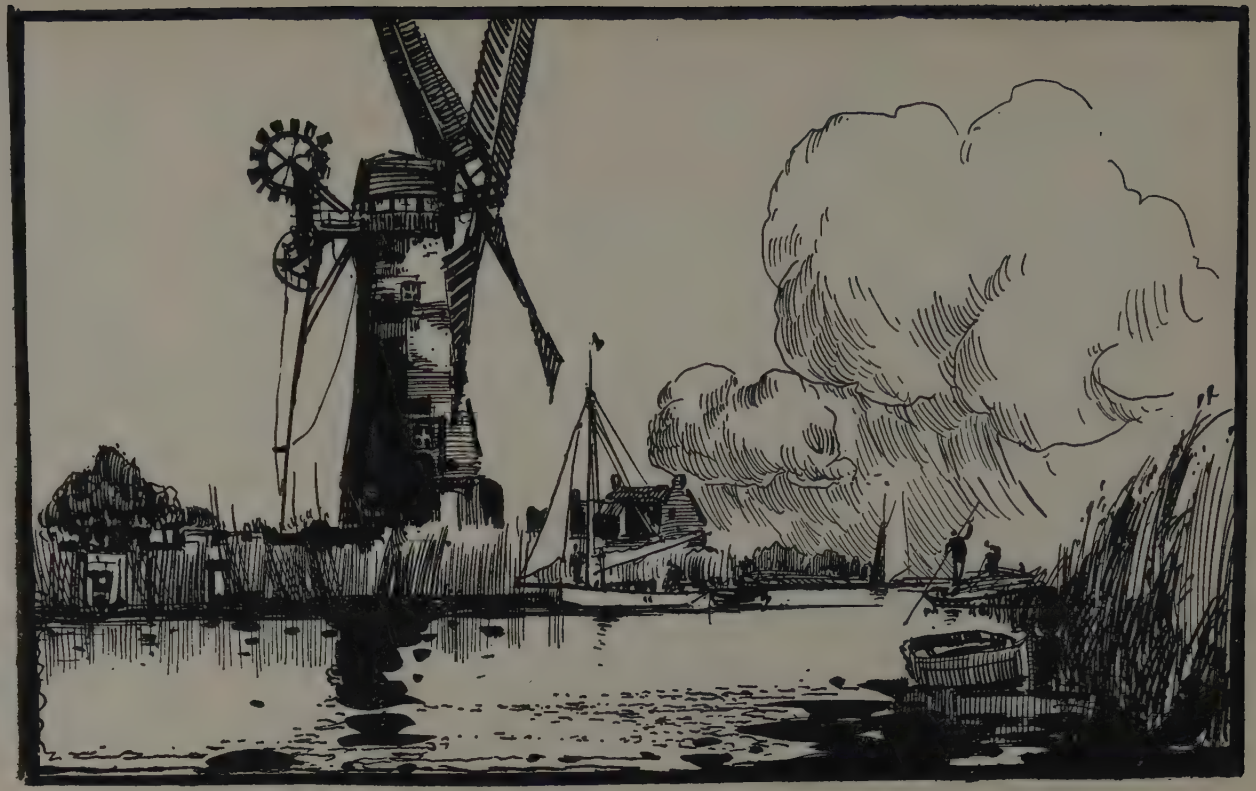
III

East of Norwich, near the coast, is Broadland. Sir John Lubbock, in his " Beauties of Nature," wrote that the Broadland streams are like " rivers wandering in the meadows on a holiday. They have often no natural banks, but are bounded by dense growths of tall grasses, bulrushes, reeds and sedges, interspersed with the spikes of the purple loose-strife, willow-herb, hemp agrimony and other flowers, while the fields are very low and protected by dykes, so that the red cattle appear to be browsing below the level of the water. And as the rivers take most unexpected turns, the sailing-boats often seem as if they were in the middle of the fields."

The Broads, which have achieved a remarkable popularity during the last thirty years, are unique. There is nothing else like them in England. In ancient times the Norfolk Broadland was a great estuary, part of which remains to-day in Breydon Water, into which flow the Rivers Yare, Bure and Waveney, the three chief rivers of the district. The estuary in course of time silted up. Flats and marshes were thus formed in the valleys, the rivers retreated to their present channels, but wherever the land sank the rivers broadened out, forming large lake-like tracts of water and gaining for themselves the name of " broads."

A holiday on the Broads is an unforgettable experience. On still nights in summer a wherry seems to glide on air between two star-spangled skies. The silence is indescribable. Lovers of Broadland never weary of this magic country. Its woods change with the seasons, it is equally beautiful in the first golden days of spring, in the heat of summer or in the tinted days of late autumn.

The marshlands and the marsh people are most



NORFOLK BROADS

interesting. One of the big gaps in literature is the fact that George Borrow did not write a book about this part of Norfolk. The landscapes, which at dawn and sunset seem under a spell, have been compared to the canvases of Cuyp, Hobbema and Vandermeer. The bird-lover and the student of Nature do not need to be told anything about Broadland.

"The visitors who content themselves with what they can see of Broadland from a yacht's deck can never become really acquainted with the Broads and Broadland life," writes Mr. W. A. Dutt, in his interesting book, "A Guide to the Norfolk Broads." "To gain a real knowledge of these they must, to some extent, rough it as the early adventurers did: trudge the river walls; associate with the eel-catchers, marshmen, reed-cutters, and Breydon gunners; explore the dykes unnavigable by yachts, and the swampy rush marshes where the lapwings and redshanks nest; spend days with the Broadsman in his punt, and nights with the eel-catcher in his house-boat; crouch among the reeds to watch the acrobatic antics of the bearded titmice, and fraternise with the wherrymen at the staithes and ferry inns . . ."

And what an experience this is! How many strange and notable characters a man adds to his acquaintances when he is willing to put town life behind him, forget civilisation, and take his oldest clothes and his favourite pipe to Broadland, his sympathy, his understanding, his sense of humour and his sense of natural beauty!

IV

There is a part of Norfolk, almost unknown and never mentioned in the ordinary guide-book, which I consider to be among the most interesting strips of coast-line in England. For colour, for atmosphere,

for beauty and interest nothing on the East Coast is comparable with it. Between Sheringham and Gore Point, on the north-west coast of Norfolk, are something like thirty miles of "meal marshes." They are deserted except for a fowler or a stray naturalist. They are almost level with the sea. They are cut across with little creeks and rivulets. Every tide sends the salt water running up them through the sea lavender and the samphire. Great flocks of wild birds live in the "meal marshes." Grey herons lift themselves lazily from the reeds and fly, long-legged and strong of wing, to settle in some distant place with a beady eye upon the intruder. The colour of these "meal marshes" has gained for them the title "the moorlands of the sea." The light striking directly downward on these low lands increases the various hues of sea heath, sea lavender, thrift and storwort.

There are miles of such marshes shimmering in colour; seaward is a sharp line of yellow sand, and beyond are the blue waters of the North Sea. These marshes are wonderful when the tide is coming in and each little creek is alive with rushing water, swirling and eddying through the shallow channels, while flocks of screaming white gulls fight overhead for the food that comes in with every tide.

This part of Norfolk is a land of dead seaports. The sea has, in the course of centuries, retreated from the land. You will find, dotted at intervals along this coast from Sheringham to Hunstanton, a series of picturesque little towns which once were small thriving seaports. The most notable among them is Wells-next-the-Sea. A great stretch of salt marsh now separates this town from the sea, but a narrow channel allows small coasting craft into the harbour, where the rise and fall of the tide is about 10 feet.

There is Blakeney, whose church tower contains a

lantern now disused which once served as a beacon light for ships at sea.

There is Cley-next-the-Sea, with its great church, the only indication now of the former importance of this decayed coast town.

There is the little village of Stiffkey (sometimes pronounced Stewkey), where the women have from immemorial time carried on the industry of cockle-raking. This charming village, with the miles of salt marsh which lead to the sea, is well worth a visit. You will generally see, far away, outlined against the yellow sand-bar, black dots—the women of Stiffkey, great baskets on their backs and their skirts pinned up above their bare knees. It is only the older women now who carry on the ancient trade of gathering "Stewkey Blues." The daughters of Stiffkey consider themselves superior to it.

One could go on indefinitely mentioning these quaint and delightful old villages and towns along this coast-line. They have a peculiar, romantic atmosphere, the atmosphere of something which clings to places which were once teeming with human endeavour. They might be rather pathetic if the beauty which surrounds them was not so obvious at every turn.

The naturalist, the artist and the lover of solitary places who visits Norfolk and fails to explore the "meal marshes" is forfeiting an experience which can be provided by no other district in England.

PLACES TO SEE IN NORFOLK

Blakeney, mentioned in the foregoing notes, is one of the decayed ports on the North-east Coast. The marshes round Blakeney are famous for their wild

fowl. Note the slender tower of Blakeney church, which was once used as a beacon light.

Broadland. Visitors who intend to cruise on the Broads and the rivers of Broadland will be well advised to choose either Acle, Wroxham, Norwich, Potter Heigham or Oulton Broad as their starting point. Yachts and launches can be hired at all these places, and the natives are experts in putting the visitor on the right track.

Caister. The coast village and quiet seaside resort, near Yarmouth, which was once a Roman camp. It is visited chiefly for the fine and picturesque ruins of the Castle built by Sir John Fastolf, which dates from about 1443, when Sir John (caricatured by Shakespeare as Sir John Falstaff) was playing a prominent part in the battles of Harfleur and Agincourt. When Sir John died, the Castle came into the possession of that famous Norfolk family, the Pastons.

Caistor (*St. Edmund*) is visited by students of Roman Britain because its mounds mark the site of what Professor Haverfield believed to have been a small walled town. Norwich Castle Museum contains many interesting Roman antiquities dug up on this site.

Castleacre, one of the most interesting places in Norfolk and a most picturesque village. Its houses are built of Norman stones from the old castle and the priory. It is a village of ruins, and the old castle gateway spans the narrow street. The huge Norman castle is in ruins; on the northern slope of the valley of the River Nar are remains of the most interesting priory in Norfolk. This priory has suffered terribly at the hands of local people who wanted cheap building material but it is still the most spectacular monastic relic in the county.

Cley. This town, which is well worth a visit, is described in the foregoing notes.

CROMER

Cromer is the most fashionable watering-place on the Norfolk coast. Its surroundings are prettier than, perhaps, those of any other Norfolk coast town. It is a splendid centre for countless places of interest. It is the aristocrat of the East Coast. It is a charming mixture of landscape and seascape : a place of woods, hillsides and cornfields beside the sea. A great factor in its success as a coast town is a high, sheltered position which guarantees an equable climate. It is said that there is no better golf, tennis or bathing in all England.

Dereham, East. A market town near Norwich, and the birthplace of George Borrow. The poet Cowper is buried in the parish church. Borrow's birthplace is a short distance from the town in a hamlet known by the homely name of Dumpling Green.

Holkham, near the little coast town of Wells. Its fine Hall is the seat of the Earl of Leicester, and is famous for its magnificent art treasures. It can be viewed by special permission, and the park is open to visitors on one day of the week.

Hunstanton. A watering-place which has become popular during the last fifty years. Men go there to play golf, tennis, to bathe, to fish and to laze about. The Sandringham Hotel is recognised as one of Hunstanton's great assets. The charming little place is a centre for most interesting country and nearly everyone who visits it goes at some time on a day trip to Sandringham. Hunstanton Hall has been in the possession of the Le Strange family since the Conquest. Old Hunstanton, which lies about a mile from the bright little modern seaside town, is well worth exploring.

King's Lynn. Already described in the foregoing notes. A town that must be visited by all those who tour in East Anglia.

Mundesley, which was a few years ago an unknown

fishing village, is to-day one of the most charming quiet seaside places along the coast. Its beach, bathing and golf are famous. So is its scenery.

Rising (*Castle*). A quaint, small village, but long ago a seaport and a town of importance, which no visitor should miss. The castle is the chief sight. It was built about 1176, and the remains are interesting. The general outline of the chapel is Norman. Taylor, in his "History and Antiquities of Castle Rising," says, "Whatever reminiscences may have been awakened by the contemplation of the state apartments of the castle, they must fail in interest when compared with the recollections of the probable events connected with this little chapel, where in early times d'Albines, Montalts and others retired to pray—where Queen Isabella, in her widowhood, Edward III., his Queen Philippa, Edward, the Black Prince, and others of the royal progeny have bent the suppliant knee." The view from the battlements is singularly fine.

Sandringham, famous as the home of the late Queen Alexandra, and now the Norfolk home of His Majesty the King. It was purchased in 1861 by King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) for £220,000. It has since been considerably enlarged. Application for admission to the gardens, which are open two days a week during the summer in the absence of the Royal Family, should be made at the Estate Office at West Newton.

Sheringham. One of the most delightful watering places a few miles west of Cromer. The cliffs rise west of Sheringham to a considerable height and afford a fine view of the coast as far as Blakeney Point. The poppies of Sheringham are justly famous. Golfers claim that the Sheringham links are among the finest on the coast.

Stiffkey. One of the quaint villages (already mentioned) which should be visited on account of the

wild sea marshes where women cockle gatherers may generally be seen at work.

Walsingham lies in a pretty valley near a stream that enters the sea at Stiffkey, and was famous during the Middle Ages for the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. This shrine was known all over the Continent. It was founded in the twelfth century, and was as famous in the east of England as Canterbury in the south. Among the kings of England who paid pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham were Henry III., Edward I., Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Among the curious relics preserved in the shrine was a joint of one of St. Peter's fingers. When the pilgrims approached Walsingham they "removed their shoes and continued their journey barefoot." A little roadside chapel is still known as the Old Shoe House. Little now remains of the magnificent priory, which was demolished at the Reformation, when the statue of the Virgin was carried to London and burned in Smithfield.

Wells-next-the-Sea. Perhaps the most typical of the decayed seaports on the north-east coast of the county. The church is modern and replaces a splendid fifteenth-century church which was destroyed by fire in 1879. The parish register mentions Mother Gabley, an "execrable witch of King's Lynn," who brought about the death of fourteen persons by apparently boiling certain eggs in a pail full of cold water; undoubtedly a most witch-like act! Wells is the best centre from which to visit Holkham, Walsingham, Cley, Blakeney and Stiffkey.

Wymondham, nine miles from Norwich, should be visited because it is a perfect example of a small East Anglian town which has declined from the position of an important industrial centre. During the Middle Ages it was a thriving home of the cloth industry, and its magnificent church stands as a testimony to

the wealth and the number of its inhabitants in the old days.

Yarmouth (*Great*). The most popular, as Cromer is the most fashionable, of East Anglian watering-places. It affords everything for which people visit the East Coast. It has a sea front of over two miles, and its port is the principal fishing port of Norfolk. The most famous of its ancient houses is the "Star" Hotel, an Elizabethan building whose hall is now used as a bar. The South Quay is one of the most delightful in the country; the ships lie on one side, and opposite stretches an avenue of lime trees backed by quaint old houses. In a street parallel with the South Quay stands the Old Toll House, one of the oldest municipal buildings in the country. It existed in 1362, and is approached by an external staircase which leads to a fine doorway decorated with dog-tooth moulding. The old streets of Yarmouth have a singular charm and repay a visit with camera or sketch book.

YARMOUTH

HOW TO ENJOY CAMBRIDGESHIRE

I

I ENVY any man his first sight of the Isle of Ely early in the morning and before the mists have left the fields. At this time the broad fenlands of Cambridgeshire appear to be covered by the ghost of the waters which once swept over them, and high above the wreath of white mist the hill of Ely rides like a dark ship. The summit of the hill on which Ely is built is occupied by that lovely Norman cathedral whose octagon tower is one of the architectural wonders of England.

Cambridgeshire always seems to me one of the most romantic of English counties. Here it was that the last Saxon stand was made against the invading Normans. Hereward the Wake, and his daring band of exiles are, thanks to Charles Kingsley, endeared for ever to the English people. It is only in the misty early morning that you will gain the impression of fenland as it was when the cavalry of the Conqueror met death in the marshes. The Isle of Ely seen at this time is one of the most beautiful sights in England. Its magic hue and the dim outline of its roofs and towers lend it the look of some romantic castle spun by the fairies and flung high above the night mists. As the sun rises the mists melt and Isle of Eels, which is the real name of Ely, becomes a reality: a little city clustered round its old cathedral.

Lichfield and Wells have been, by various writers, termed the feminine cathedrals of England. I have

on more than one occasion been severely reprimanded by critics for suggesting that, perhaps, Ely is the most feminine of all our great churches. I am unrepentant. I believe Ely is the most slender, the most graceful and, if one may apply the word to Norman architecture, the prettiest of our cathedrals. It always seems to me like the mate of Durham. It is a marvellous introduction to the other two great Fanes of Fenland —Peterborough and Lincoln. Its story, too, gives it a feminine interest. In days when the marshes and fenlands made this part of England a safe retreat for outlaws and holy men, the saintly Etheldreda took refuge here, living in great humility and holiness. She founded a religious house for monks and nuns, which afterwards grew into the cathedral of Ely. Her popular name was St. Audrey, and it may be interesting to know that she has added the word "tawdry" to the English language. During the famous Pilgrim's Fair at Ely, cheapjacks and hucksters sold neck-cloths and silk nick-named "St. Audrey's chains" which became vulgarly known as "tawdries." Another word which, by the way, is supposed to have originated in Ely is "billycock." The hill of Ely was so windy and exposed that the monks obtained special licence from the Pope to wear head-coverings which were known as "wilkoks"—a strange origin for the unromantic headgear of to-day.

The visitor to Ely, after he has appreciated the subtle atmosphere of this island and the obvious majesty of its cathedral, should mount up to the tower and gaze out over a tract of country which has played a great part in English history. It takes small imagination to flood the flat lands again with water, to imagine the island besieged by the armies of Normandy, and to enter into the feelings of that little band of Saxon exiles whose deeds have been so gloriously exaggerated.

ELY

Cambridgeshire is a county singularly full of atmosphere. The stranger is always aware that he treads unusual ground. The lines of the hedges look like edges of poised waves and the flat fields of corn waving in the wind, seen through half-closed eyes, resemble the movement of the sea.

II

Cambridge is one of those rare towns in which a man may lose himself happily for weeks.

It is an impertinence to deal with the beauty of Cambridge in a few words. If a man visited East Anglia only to see Cambridge he would have justified his journey, for here is a town which has impressed itself for centuries on the minds of Englishmen. Cambridge is the glory, as Ely is the romance, of Fenland.

How impossible it is to direct a stranger through the beauties of Cambridge. One may say: "You must see King's, St. John's, Trinity, Queens' and Jesus Colleges and, whatever you do, you must not miss the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Fitzwilliam Museum!" But how bare and casual it sounds!

Cambridge is one of those places which a man must discover for himself. He must see it, preferably during May Week (which is really in June), or, if that is not possible, in autumn, when the sun is hot over the "Backs" and the shade of the trees is gracious, and the old town is, as an American novelist once described it, "a harmony in grey and green."

The less said about Cambridge in a short space the better: it is a rich experience, an unforgettable town sacred to Knowledge, Beauty and Youth.

III

Just over the border of Cambridgeshire, in Northamptonshire, is the ancient cathedral city of Peterborough. No visitor to Cambridgeshire will fail to cross the border and see a building which, although in Northamptonshire, completes that famous trinity of the Fenland cathedrals—Ely, Peterborough and Lincoln.

Peterborough was, until about 1850, one of the best examples in England of an ancient monastic borough. Nothing had changed. A few houses clustered round the ancient church, and there was no settled trade, so that the place seemed stagnant and incapable of development.

"The private diary of a resident of about 1850 would read like an old-world record," writes the Rev. W. D. Sweeting in "Peterborough" (Bell's Cathedral Series). "The watchman in the minster precincts still went his round at night and called out the time and the weather; sedan chairs were in use; the corn market of the neighbourhood was held in the open street; the turnpike took toll at every road out of the town; a weekly paper had only just been started on a simple scale, being at first little more than a railway time-table with a few items of local news at the back; a couple of rooms more than sufficed for the business of the post-office."

The resurrection of Peterborough took place when the railway companies drove their northern lines through the city, with the result that the population has, within living memory, increased from four thousand to nearly forty thousand.

But the ancient beauty of this old city lives on in its mighty church. The west front has been described as the finest in England. It is the glory of Peter-

CAMBRIDGE

borough. It is the one memory which every visitor carries away with him. Looking at this astonishing achievement for the first time, you wonder—a thought so frequent in English cathedrals—who was the anonymous genius who created it. This west front is the unique distinction of Peterborough, as the octagon is of Ely; the Galilee of Durham; the angel choir at Lincoln, and the spire of Norwich. I do not think the guide-books have been fair to Peterborough. They suggest that there is nothing to see inside the cathedral, but nowhere, except of course at Durham, is there a finer, more complete Norman cathedral in England—Norman nave, transepts and choir and (over the transepts) the only original Norman ceiling in existence.

In this church were buried two of the saddest queens in history, Catherine of Aragon and Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary was disinterred twenty-five years after her burial in 1587 and removed to Westminster Abbey. Tablets now mark these tombs, subscribed by the "Catherines" and "Marys" of England.

PLACES TO SEE IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Gog-Magog-Hills. These chalk downs, three miles from Cambridge, should be climbed by every visitor. Although their greatest height is 300 feet, they have a variety of form which gives them the appearance of a miniature range of hills, and, because of their position in this flat country, they command a magnificent view. On a clear day Ely Cathedral may be seen on the horizon rising up above the Fenland.

Grantchester, near Cambridge, is a most picturesque village and the chief picnic place for boating parties. The village is full of remnants of Roman and Saxon occupation, and the earthworks near the church are

mediæval. "The Vicarage, Grantchester" will be remembered as one of Rupert Brooke's most delightful poems, in which are the following lines :

> "And I will pack and take a train,
> And get me to England once again!
> For England's the one land I know
> Where men with Splendid Hearts may go.
> And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
> The shire for Men who Understand,
> And of *that* district I prefer
> The village hamlet, Grantchester."

Haslingfield. A large village near Cambridge, which should be visited for the view to be obtained from the summit of White Hill. Five miles distant, Cambridge with its spires and pinnacles can be seen. Ely lies to the north, and to the east is the long line of the East Anglian heights. No fewer than eighty village steeples rising among the elm trees can be counted dotting the landscape. On the summit of White Hill is a little cottage known as Chapel Bush. In mediæval times it was the noted shrine of Our Lady of White Hill, to which pilgrims flocked from every part of the district.

Ickleton. The church here is remarkable because the pillars in the nave are Roman monoliths. Such shafts exist in the churches of Chollerton (Northumberland) and Lanchester (Durham). The suggestion has been made that this church was originally a Roman building, but it is more reasonable to suppose that the nave pillars were discovered by the early builders in a Roman ruin which exists a quarter of a mile away.

Linton, on the borders of Essex, is full of good mediæval houses—more, in fact, than in any other village in Cambridgeshire, which proves that in ancient times there was a flourishing industry here.

Sawston. A large and pleasant village not far from

PETERBOROUGH

Cambridge which manufactures chamois leather and parchment. The old terms employed in these trades prove the antiquity of the industry. The skins come from the "felmonger," a "flesher" scrapes the skins with a curved knife, and so on. Sawston Hall is an interesting country house built on the site of a Gothic building in which Queen Mary sheltered after the death of Edward VI.

Sutton is a strange village of one long street. It is built on the steep slopes, giving to the place a queer foreign air. The tower of the church is a mark for many miles.

Swaffham Prior, near Newmarket, was once known as Swaffham-Two-Churches, because it is one of those rare instances of two churches in the one churchyard.

Wicken. Here is probably the most interesting relic of the true Fenland. Ditches, instead of hedges, cut the plain. Here are windmills and waterways and a landscape as primitive as that which met the eye of Hereward the Wake.

Wisbech, on the borders of Norfolk, was once a seaport before the direction of the River Ouse altered. Woad, with which the ancient Britons dyed their bodies, is still grown in the fenland near this town. The old woad mill, a most remarkable structure, built of turf blocks with timber roof, can be seen in the village of Parson's Drove, six miles from Wisbech. Woad is a plant with a bluish-green leaf and a bright yellow flower, which grows to a height of 6 feet. It is picked by hand, the leaves are crushed to pulp in the mill by crushing wheels dragged round by horses, and are worked by hand into large balls, when they are placed in drying sheds for three months. The balls are then thrown together, mixed with water and allowed to ferment in a dark place for six weeks or so. The woad is then packed into carts and sold to cloth

manufacturers as dye. Another ancient British industry met with in Cambridgeshire is that of basket-making and the weaving of osiers. This perhaps prehistoric industry is to be met with at Ely, Somersham and many Fenland villages.

HOW TO ENJOY LINCOLNSHIRE

I

"OVERHEAD the arch of heaven spreads more ample than elsewhere, as over the open sea; and that vastness gave, and still gives, such cloudlands, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles."

Charles Kingsley, in the course of his exquisite appreciation of the Lincolnshire Fens in the days of the Normans, hits on that characteristic beauty which immediately impresses the visitor when he enters Lincolnshire. It is a county of dawns and sunsets. It is a place of wide vistas. The eye never wearies of its great expanse; the mind seems to expand joyfully towards its windy levels. Go to Arkborough and the junction of the Trent and the Ouse; go to the Humber; go to the Wolds above Caistor and look west, where the towers of Lincoln Cathedral crown their hill; and from this hill at Lincoln look west to the hills of Nottinghamshire and, still further west, to the high, blue ridges of the Derbyshire Peak.

The first object which impresses itself on the attention as you enter this county from the south is a tall tower rising from the flat green fields. If you ask a labourer what it is, he will reply, with some contempt for your ignorance, "Boston Stump."

It looks, from a distance of ten miles or so, like the stump of a tree. As you approach, it turns into the tower of a Dutch church. It strikes the keynote of the landscape. You might be in Holland. Look at

the map! This part of Lincolnshire is called "The Parts of Holland," and no district in England was ever more aptly named. This is fenland. You must not confuse the fens with the marshes of Lincolnshire. These two words have a meaning in Lincolnshire which does not correspond with the ordinary dictionary version. The marshes border the coast, and were once under the sea; the fen has been reclaimed from the swamp. The marsh is mainly grazing ground; the fen is good cornland.

History tells how wild and desolate the fen was in early times. Here outlaws and fugitives from justice could hide secure, lost in a maze of dangerous waterways and deep ditches, land that looked like water and water that looked like land. It was not until shortly before the Civil Wars in the reign of Charles I. that the Fen was seriously tackled. Dutch engineers began the good work, but the Civil War stopped them. The work was afterwards continued at intervals, but south Lincolnshire was not drained until the eighteenth century. Now the once-evil fens are rich cornlands.

When you enter Boston, a delightful little port which during the season naturally attracts every New England American, the resemblance to Holland is grotesque. The whole town might have been taken up, lock, stock and barrel, from the other side of the North Sea. The great church, with its tower, or "Stump," stands on the bank of a slow canal. (It is really the River Witham, but it has succumbed to the local atmosphere, and looks like a canal in Rotterdam.) The large, cobbled square, the houses, even the people who gather at the "Rag Market," and attend appropriate Dutch auctions at the docks, look as though they had come over from Holland.

Many of the Pilgrim Fathers came from Boston: hence the many Pilgrim fathers from Boston (Mass.) who these days take their wives and families to the

BOSTON STUMP

top of Boston "Stump" to indulge in sentimental reverie. The derivation of Boston is simply St. Botolph's Town. They show you the Guild Hall and the law court in which Brewster and other Pilgrim Fathers were tried in 1607 for attempting to fly the country; and they tell you that John Foxe, the martyrologist, Jean Ingelow and John Connington, the translator of Virgil, were all natives of this snug little foreign-looking port.

II

When you have seen Ely as I have described it, rising like a ship above the morning mists, you might think that no other thrill of this kind is left you. But wait until you see Lincoln.

Ely, Lincoln and Durham occupy sites which simply take the breath away. The old city of Lincoln clusters round an abrupt hill. On the summit rise the cathedral towers, which, on a clear day, can be seen for thirty miles. The hill is so steep that you clamber up to the cathedral grasping an iron handrail; and it is no ordinary task. Every few yards you leave a century behind you, until at the top you are back in Roman Lincoln and Norman Lincoln, in mediæval Lincoln, with the slow bells from the grey towers ringing out across the green close and out and away over the flat fenlands, as they have been ringing for centuries.

Lincoln, York and Durham are three cities which give you the impression of having left the modern world behind. Lincoln on the hill is unchanged; modern Lincoln—the Lincoln which invented the Tanks during the War—lies on the level ground, and is in quite a different century. But nowhere else in East Anglia will you find ancient and modern side by side and so neatly separated by a climb.

The Romans made Lincoln a great city. They built a wall round it, pierced by four gates. One of these remains. It is the only Roman gateway in England through which traffic still passes. Go to see it at sunset. It is called the Newport Arch. You will notice that, in addition to the wide central arch, beneath which the motor-cars enter Lincoln, is, to one side, a smaller arch for foot passengers. That is a needle's eye mentioned in the parable. In the East, when the gates of a city were closed at sundown, the caravans had to camp beyond the walls until morning, but the merchant might leave his camels in charge of his servants and enter the city through the needle's eye—a gate much too small for his camels.

And as you pass through the eye of the needle you will perhaps think of all the strange traffic this gate has known in nearly 1900 years of wars and wayfaring. It was through this arch that the legions of Rome marched out along Ermine Street, which lies northward for sixteen miles straight as a sword to Kirton Lindsey. It was this gate which was locked and barred in Norman Lincoln when night fell over the fens and no man knew who might be riding in the darkness.

The cathedral at Lincoln is one of the glories of England. Ruskin said that it was worth two of any other cathedrals and that it was "out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the British Isles." It is perfect in beauty, in construction, in colour, in dignity. Its very stones sing together.

You should see the cathedral from one of the towers of the Norman castle, which is only a few yards away. Lincoln Castle is one of the eight known to have been founded by the Conqueror himself. It retains its Norman plan. On a clear day, the view from the Observatory Tower is one of the grandest on the East Coast of England. The Castle enclosure con-

LINCOLN

tains a red-brick horror which was once used as a prison. You are permitted to wander through its gloomy corridors, and in the demolished chapel you may sit in a screened-off pew which once was occupied on Sundays by men condemned to death. It is the religious version of the condemned cell; and exceedingly gruesome.

Among the many unique things to be found in Lincoln are the Jews' Houses, probably the oldest inhabited houses in Europe, and also High Bridge, the only mediæval bridge in England with houses still standing on either side of it. I wonder how many thousands have passed over High Bridge unconscious that it is a bridge! It looks like a perfectly normal stretch of High Street, until you descend steps at the side, when you find yourself on the banks of the Witham and above you the old bridge—known by the strange name of "Murder Hole" or "Glory Hole"—bearing the half-timbered houses it has carried for nearly 600 years.

Lincoln is a city which repays the intelligent explorer with many discoveries and memories which can never be forgotten. It is a hill sacred to English history.

PLACES TO SEE IN LINCOLNSHIRE

Algarkirk. So called after Earl Algar, who fell in 870 when fighting the Danes. Woad is grown in this parish.

Alkborough, on the extreme north. A pleasant village, with a most interesting church. Near the church, on the summit of a cliff, is a curious maze, known as Julian's Bar, cut in the grass. It is 44 feet across. It is supposed to have been the work of monks in the twelfth century. This maze is, with

4a

the exception of one at Wing, near Uppingham, in Rutland, the only one of the kind in the country. There used to be others at Appleby and South Horncastle, but they have disappeared. These labyrinths were an allegorical adaptation by the early Christian Church of the labyrinths of Egypt and Greece. They were symbolic of the maze of sin, from which a man could only disentangle himself by the guidance of Providence or of the Church. The maze will be seen imitated in the floor of the church porch.

Bolingbroke. Once a market town, but now a small village of great historic interest, because it gave its name to Henry IV. Only a few mounds mark the site of the ancient castle built by William de Roumard, first Norman Earl of Lincoln. When John of Gaunt married his cousin Blanche, this castle was his favourite residence. On April 4th, 1367, at Bolingbroke Castle, the Duchess Blanche gave birth to a son who afterwards became Henry IV.

Boston. One of the most interesting Lincolnshire towns, already dealt with in the foregoing notes.

Bourne is an interesting old market town famous as the birthplace and chief residence of Hereward the Wake. It is a romantic spot in which to reflect for an hour or two on those stormy days in fenland when the last Saxon rebel dared the might of the Norman conquerors. The station-master at Bourne lives in a delightful red-brick Elizabethan mansion, which owes its continued existence to the coming of the railway. Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burghley was born here (so was M. Worth, the famous Paris dressmaker !)

Cleethorpes, a delightful holiday spot at the mouth of the Humber—which is here nearly seven miles wide—and is near enough to Great Grimsby to be considered a suburb of that great fishing town. A fine beach, a pier, pier gardens, a splendid promenade, a sea wall, admirable golf courses, many tennis courts

and cricket grounds have made Cleethorpes the best known and largest seaside place in Lincolnshire. The old parish church of Clee (Holy Trinity) is one of the most noteworthy early churches in the county. The tower is Saxon; the nave is early Norman; so also is the font.

Crowland. In the old days an island in the fen, but now only slightly raised above the level. The celebrated Abbey of Crowland was founded about 714 A.D., but the present remains consist chiefly of the splendid west front, the beautiful series of old statues in the north wall of the nave, and the grand Norman arch. Crowland possesses a unique triangular bridge, which dates from the close of the fourteenth century.

Edenham. Celebrated for the near-by Grimsthorpe Castle, belonging to the Earl of Ancaster, and undoubtedly the finest country seat in Lincolnshire. It was built early in the thirteenth century, and the south-east tower, known as King John's Tower, is still in existence. The walls are 7 feet thick. The castle is famous for its collection of old masters.

Gainsborough is a large and prosperous market town eighteen miles north of Lincoln, which is visited by Americans because John Robinson, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, was a native and minister of this town. He is described in the Congregational Chapel register as "pastor and exile."

Grantham. A large market and industrial town, known to thousands of Englishmen as the Headquarters, during the War, of the Machine Gun Corps. The "Angel" Inn in the High Street claims to be the oldest hostelry in the kingdom. It is certainly one of the very few mediæval inns in existence. There is not sufficient authority for the statement that King John held a Court here on February 23rd, 1213, but it is a matter of history that, on October 19th, 1483, Richard III. signed, in this house, the death warrant of the

Duke of Buckingham. Every visitor to Grantham should note the magnificent parish church, St. Wulfram's, mostly thirteenth century. It possesses a double crypt and a library over the south porch, in which are several chained books. Near the church is the famous Grammar School where Sir Isaac Newton was educated.

Great Grimsby. The oldest and greatest fishing port in the kingdom and probably in the world. Like so many of the ports in East Anglia, and like its neighbour on the other bank of the Humber, Hull, Grimsby is a town of great antiquity. Richard I. held a Parliament here, and that restless king, John, paid two visits and gave Grimsby its first charter. The Grimsby trawlers did magnificent service during the War in the mine-fields of the North Sea. So useful, in fact, did the Navy find the services of these East Coast drifters that to-day every battleship has a drifter attached to her for various duties. The curious visitor will find something to interest him along every yard of the Grimsby quays, and the fish market, which is two miles in length, is a unique sight when the fleet comes in. Many holiday-makers at Grimsby spend a few days or a week-end in either Hamburg or Antwerp. The fine passenger steamers, which are as comfortable as small Atlantic liners, make the voyage to Hamburg three times weekly, in about thirty hours. During the summer special travelling facilities are offered to visitors and to parties of twelve and more who desire to spend a week-end in Belgium or Germany. The fares are extraordinarily cheap.

Horncastle is built on the site of the Roman town of Banovallum, and is noted chiefly for its horse fair, held in the second week in August. This fair, it will be remembered, is vividly described in Borrow's "Romany Rye." Scrivlesby, about a mile and a half away, is the seat of the Dymokes, hereditary champions

of England. In Horncastle church is a mural brass to Sir Lionel Dymoke, King's Champion in 1519.

Immingham. Within recent years this once small village on the Humber has become a large and thriving port. Immingham Dock is the deepest in the Humber, and there are frequent sailings by large liners to every part of the world.

Louth, a small town whose church spire, one of the most beautiful in England, is a landmark for the surrounding country. Lord Tennyson and his brother attended the grammar school, since rebuilt. A little over a mile from the town are the ruins of Louth Park Abbey.

Mablethorpe. One of Lincolnshire's growing watering-places, with excellent sands. The place was frequently visited by Tennyson, and many allusions to this coast will be found in his poems. He used to say that nowhere, except on the west coast of Ireland, had he seen such a length of wave as at Mablethorpe.

Scotter. A pleasant village with red-tiled houses visited now because of its old-fashioned post mill, a type becoming very scarce. Scotter Mill is at least three hundred years old. The whole structure revolves round a single stout, central post. The church also is worth a visit.

Scrivlesby. The manor house is very famous because the lord of the manor was granted, by William the Conqueror, the privilege of acting as Grand Champion of England. This position was held by the Despensers and the Marmions. When the last Lord Marmion of Scrivlesby died in 1292, this estate was inherited by the younger daughter, Joan, whose granddaughter married Sir John Dymoke. The privilege of acting as Grand Champion is still held by the Dymoke family.

Skegness. One of the most popular seaside places

in Lincolnshire. Every year more visitors discover its fine sands and its bracing air. Individuals and families go there year after year to recuperate in gay and bracing surroundings. Skegness prides itself on the excellence of its golf, bathing, tennis, dancing, bowls, fishing, boating and cricket.

Somersby. This delightful little village is world-famous as the birthplace of Alfred Lord Tennyson. The poet was born in the old rectory, now called Somersby House. There is a memorial window to him in the village church. The scenery of Lincolnshire will recall many passages in Tennyson's poems.

Spalding. A large market town and port with a Dutch air about it reminiscent of Boston.

Stamford. The ancient and picturesque town on the Welland, on the borders of Northamptonshire and Rutland. It is full of mediæval remains and has six fine churches. It became one of the five famous towns of the Danelaw, which represent the dwellers in the fens. There is no town, with the exception of Lincoln, so packed with historic interest. The striking feature is the number of hospitals, known locally as "callises," because they were founded by the great wool merchants of Calais. It is interesting to note that Stamford had a narrow escape from becoming a University town, in rivalry with Oxford and Cambridge. In the thirteenth century, owing to a disagreement at Oxford, students migrated to Stamford, where they considered founding another University. In the following century Edward III. was persuaded to interfere and the students all went back to the older University. Several days might be spent investigating the antiquities of Stamford.

Sutton-on-Sea, with its sand-hills, is a noted spot for a bathing-golfing holiday.

Tattershall, near Boston. A small town now famed for its castle and church. The chief feature

SKEGNESS

of the castle to-day is the gateway, built in 1433, which is one of the best examples of mediæval brickwork in the kingdom. The features of the interior are the heraldic chimney-pieces on each floor. In 1911 an American millionaire set his heart on them, tore them out, and was about to take them home with him when the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston purchased the castle and saved the chimney-pieces. The castle is the property of the nation, and was formally opened four days after the Declaration of War in August, 1914.

Thornton Curtis is famous for its abbey, founded in 1139, the chief surviving relic of which is the magnificent gatehouse, which dates from 1382. Like so many monastic ruins, Thornton Abbey has served, since its demolition, as a quarry for the surrounding district.

Willoughby, a pleasant little village on the edge of the marshland, is noted for its fine church and (chiefly to Americans) for the fact that Captain John Smith (born 1580, died 1631), founder of Virginia, was born there. Smith was also the hero of the Pocahontas story, the Indian princess, known as "La Belle Sauvage," who saved his life and subsequently married another Englishman named John Rolfe. The church, although much restored in 1878, bears trace—notably in certain stones in the base of the interior wall of the tower—of pre-Norman work.

Woodhall Spa. An inland resort which is rapidly becoming popular for the treatment of gout and rheumatism. The spring, rich in salts of iodine and bromine, was accidentally discovered about a century ago during an unsuccessful attempt to bore a coal-mine. It yields from 16,000 to 20,000 gallons a day. Woodhall is a splendid centre from which to visit Tattershall Castle, Scrivlesby, Somersby, Reevesby Abbey and Kirkstead.

IN CONCLUSION

Between Thames and Humber is a district in which a man can turn from the things of everyday life; he can explore solitudes as deep as any in this island; he can enjoy beauty of land and sea; he can, on castle walls, in ancient churches and in great cathedrals, forget to-day in the glory of yesterday; he can move easily from the loneliness of open country to the companionship of inland cities and coast towns; and he can everywhere meet men whose way of life and whose habit of thought are different from his. The East Coast might have been designed by Nature in order to make men forget life in great cities; for here are simplicity, beauty, old things, kind people and clean winds from the sea.

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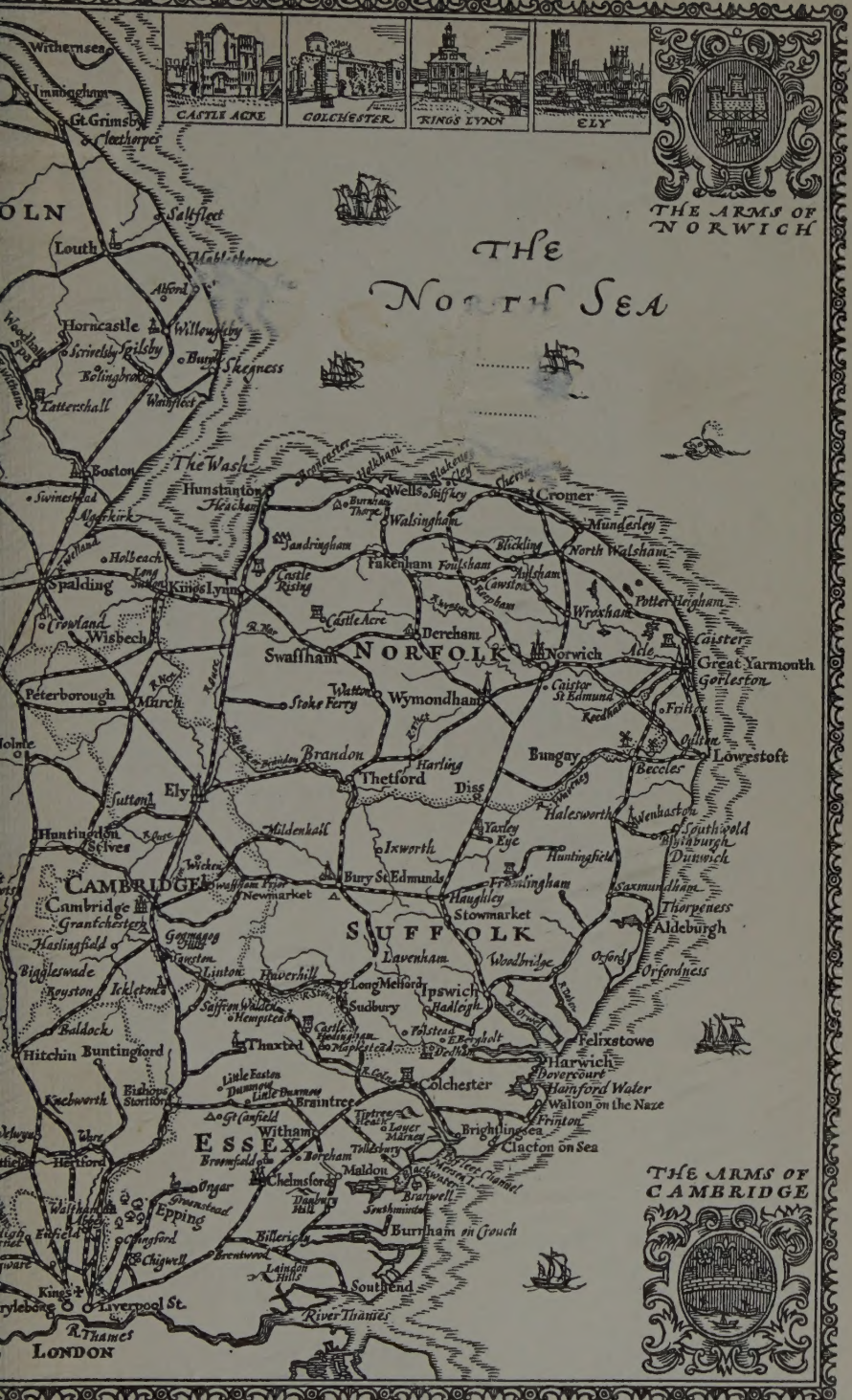
UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

A Map of The Eastern Counties of England from Thames to Humber
to accompany "The Land of The Vikings"
THE ARMS OF LINCOLN
LINCOLN
STAMFORD
CROWLAND
Selby
Howden
Goole
Thorne
Crowle
Penistone
Doncaster
Scotton
Kirton
Bawtry
Gainsborough
Sheffield
Scrooby
Retford
Chesterfield
Tuxford
Lincoln
Pt of DERBY SH.
Part of CHESHIRE
NOTTINGHAM SHIRE
Newark
Sleaford
Bingham
Grantham
Waltham on the Wold
Melton Mowbray
Stamford
RUTLAND SH.
Leicester
Part of SALOP
Lutterworth
Market Harborough
Rugby
WARWICK SHIRE
NORTHAMPTON SHIRE
Part of WORCESTER SH.
Pt of HEREFORD SH.
Brackley
Pt of BUCKS
OXFORD SHIRE
Verney Jnc.
Quainton Road
Aylesbury
Pt. of GLOUCESTER SH.
THE ARMS OF LONDON
Wendover
Princes Risboro
Amersham
High Wycombe
P. of WILTS.
P. of BERKS.
REFERENCE:
Church
Antiquities
Cathedral
Abbey
Famous Inn
Castle
Mansion
Birthplace
ALFRED. E. TAYLO



CASTLE ACRE
COLCHESTER
KINGS LYNN
ELY
THE ARMS OF NORWICH
THE NORTH SEA
THE ARMS OF CAMBRIDGE
Withernsea
Immingham
Gt. Grimsby
Cleethorpes
OLN
Saltfleet
Louth
Mablethorpe
Alford
Horncastle
Willoughby
Scrivelsby
Spilsby
Burgh
Skegness
Bolingbroke
Tattershall
Wainfleet
Boston
The Wash
Swineshead
Algarkirk
Hunstanton
Heacham
Wells
Stiffkey
Cromer
Burnham Thorpe
Walsingham
Mundesley
Sandringham
Blickling
North Walsham
Holbeach
Fakenham
Foulsham
Aylsham
Spalding
Long Sutton
Kings Lynn
Castle Rising
Cawston
Reepham
Potter Heigham
Wroxham
Crowland
Castle Acre
Wisbech
Dereham
Caister
Swaffham
NORFOLK
Norwich
Acle
Great Yarmouth
Gorleston
Peterborough
March
Watton
Stoke Ferry
Wymondham
Caistor St Edmund
Reedham
Fritton
Brandon
Harling
Bungay
Oulton
Lowestoft
Thetford
Beccles
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Diss
Sutton
Halesworth
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Southwold
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Mildenhall
Yaxley
Eye
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Ixworth
Huntingfield
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Bury St Edmunds
Framlingham
Saxmundham
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Cambridge
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Branwell
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Epping
Southminster
Waltham Abbey
Billericay
Burnham on Crouch
Enfield
Chingford
Brentwood
Chigwell
Laindon Hills
Southend
Kings
Liverpool St.
River Thames
R. Thames
LONDON